Dull. Not vnderstoode none neither sir.
Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.
Dull. Ile make one in a daunce, or so: or I will play on the Taber to the worthies, and let them dance the hey.
Peda. Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport: away. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Ladyes.

Quee. Sweete hartes we shalbe rich ere we depart,
Yf Fayrings come thus plentifully in.
A Ladie walde about with Diamondes: Looke you, what I haue from the louing King.
Rosa. Madame, came nothing els along with that?
Quee. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be crambd vp in a sheete of paper
Writ a both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name.
Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head Wax:
For he hath been fiue thousand yeere a Boy.
Kath. I and a shrowde vnhappie gallowes too.
Ros. Youle neare be friendes with him, a kild your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholie, sad, and heauie,
And so she died: had she bin Light like you, of such a mery nimble stiring spirit, she might a bin Grandam ere she died.
And so may you: For a light hart liues long.
Ros. Whats your darke meaning mouce, of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beautie darke.
Ros. We neede more light to finde your meaning out.
Kath. Yole marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkly ende the argument.
Ros. Looke what you do, you do it still i'th darke.
Kath. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.
Ros. In deede I waigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You waigh me not, O thats you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.
Quee. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.
But *Rasaline*, you haue a Fauour too?
Who sent it? and what is it?

Rosa.

Ros. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witnesse th
Nay I haue Verses too, I thanke *Berown*
The numbers true, and were the numbri
I were the fayrest Goddesse on the groun
I am comparde to twentie thousand fairs
O he hath drawen my picture in his lette
Quee. Any thing like?
Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in t
Quee. Beautious as Incke: a good con
Kath. Faire as a text B in a Coppie bo
Ros. Ware pensalls, How? Let me n
My red Dominicall, my golden letter,
O that your face were not so full of Oes.
Quee. A Poxe of that iest, and I beshr
But *Katherine* what was sent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?
Kath. Madame, this Gloue.
Quee. Did he not send you twaine?
Kath. Yes Madame: and moreouer,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Lo
A hudge translation of hipocrisie,
Vildly compyled, profound simplicitie.
Marg. This, and these Pearle, to me
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.
Quee. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou n
The Chaine were longer, and the Lette
Marg. I, or I would these handes m
Quee. We are wise girles to mocke o
Ros. They are worse fooles to purch
That same *Berowne* ile torture ere I go.
O that I knew he were but in by th'wee
How I would make him fawne, and be
And wayte the season, and obserue the
And spend his prodigall wittes in boo
And shape his seruice wholly to my de
And make him proude to make me pr

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